Vol. 18. Numb 4.

The Athenian Mercury.

Saturday, *July* 27. 1695.

We this week receiv'd the two following *Poems* from the Ingenious *Pindarick Lady*.

To Codrus.

NOW gentle sleep my willing Eyes had clos'd,
And this gay Scene the smiling God impos'd;
Methought I in a Mirtle shade was plac'd,
Crac'd.
My Tresses curl'd, my Brows with Laurel
Fresh was the Air, serenely bright the Day,
And all around lookt ravishingly Gay.
Active my Thoughts, my Lyre was in my hand,
And once more *Codrus* did my Voice command;
Once more the charming *Hero* did inspire
My daring Muse with an Heroick Fire;
The smiling *Cupids* softly flutter'd round,
Till animated with the generous sound,
Like fighting Gods each shook his Dart and frown'd.
The listning streams inchanted with my song,
Scarce drove their still preceeding waves along;
Whilst o're and o're complaisent eccho bears,
Through every cavern the immortal Airs;
About my Lips th' impatient Zephirs hung,
To snatch the suneful Numbers from my Tongue;
And the pleas'd Graces crowded round to hear their
Darling sung.
The Queen of Beauty, and her Doves stood by,
When I to please the Lovely Deity,
Told her what Looks, what Eyes, and smiles he had,
Not her own Charms more fatally betray'd;
At every strain the wounded Goddess sighs,
Strains sweet and powerful as her own fair Eyes.
Then smiling towards her own bright Orb she flew,
And with her all the sanguine Visions drew.

A Pastoral Elegy.

Philomela.

SO gentle Destinies, decide the strife,
Ah! spare but hers, and take my hated Life.

Daphne.

Cease, cease, dear Nymph, the Fate's ordain not so.

Philomela.

The more ungentle they; but wilt thou go?

Daphne.

I must; and wish my Epilogue were done,
That from this tiresome stage I may be gone.

Philomela.

Ah me! ah me! this breaks my feeble heart;
But find'st thou no Reluctancy to part?

Daphne.

Without the least Reluctance, all below,
Save thee, dear Nymph, I willingly forego;
My Swain, my Mares, my Flocks and Garland too.
In those blest shades, to which my soul must flee,
More beauteous Nymphs, and kinder Shepherds be,
Who ne're reflect on what they left behind,
Rapt with the Joys they in *Elysium* find.
By silver streams through blissful shades they rove,
Their Pleasures to Eternity improve.
There all the smiling year is cloth'd with Green,
No Autumn, but Eternal Spring is seen.
There the wing'd Choir in Loud and Artful strains
Transmit their Eccho's to the happy Plains:
And thither *Strephon* will my soul pursue,
When he, like me, has bid the world adieu.
There if her Innocence she still retain,
My *Philomela* I shall claspe again;
And there when Death shall stop his Noble Race,
With a more Godlike and Heroick Grace
Thou shalt behold the matchless——face.
But now farewel, my latest Sands are run,
And *Charon* waits impatient to be gone.
Farewel, poor Earth; from thy unhappy shore
None ever launch'd more joyfully before.
Not Death's Grim Looks affright me, tho so near;
Alas! why should the Brave and Vertuous fear?

Philomela.

She's gone, she's gone, my dear companion's gone,
And left me in this desert world alone;
Unforc't her beauteous Soul has took its flight,
Serene and Glittering to Eternal Light.
More blind than Love or Chance, relentless Death,
Why didst thou stop my charming *Daphne's* breath?
The best, the brav'st and faithful friend alive;
Fate——cut my thread, I'le not the loss survive.
Alas! why rises the unwelcome Sun?
There's nothing worth our sight now *Daphne's* gone.
Go smile on some blest Clime, where thou'lt not see
A Loss so vast, nor Wretch so curst as me,
Whom Grief hath wrapt in so condens'd a shade,
As thy intruding beams shall ne're invade;
For what avails thy Light now *Daphne's* gone,
And left me weeping on the shoar alone?
Yet could the Gentle Fair but see me mourn,
From that blest place she would perhaps return.
But vain, alas! are my complaints; she's gone,
And left me in this Desert World alone.
For ah! depriv'd my dearer Life of thee,
The world is all a Hermitage to me;
No more together we shall sit or walk,
No more of *Pan*, or of *Elysium* talk:
No more, no more shall I the fleeting Day
In kind Endearments softly pass away;
No more the Noblest height of Friendship prove,
Now *Daphne's* gone, I know not who to love.
Mourn all ye Groves and Streams, mourn every thing,
You'l hear no more the pretty *Syren* sing.
Tune, shepherds, tune your Pipes to mournful strains;
For we have lost the Glory of our Plains,
Let every thing a sadder Look put on;
For *Daphne's* dead, for the lov'd Nymph is gone.

Quest. 1. *A Young man, being an Apprentice, his Master's Daughter fell in Love with him. The man was but a mean Fortune, as to her, and the Parents much against their marrying; but the young man made a shift to serve his time out,*

out, though his Master died before. The Young Woman still continu'd her Affection, and being with her mother in the Country, her Lover sent a Letter to her, with a message, that if she would come up to London, *he would marry her, with her mothers consent; she came some time after, but without consent of her mother, and went directly to the young mans Lodging; at which he was surpriſed, and ask't her, whether she had her mothers consent? she said* no; *then said he, I will never Marry you, but adviſe you to go to your mother again; she turned away and said, she would go where he should never see her more; on this he called her back again, and the next day he went to a* Lawleſs Church, *but the mother hearing of it forbid the* banes, *however, they bedded. Now I beg your opinion and Judgment of this, whether the young man is not at Liberty.*

Anſw. Certainly you'll have main wiſe Children between you, when they have ſuch an extraordinary Father and Mother. You'd have done well to have told us, whether the perſons were marry'd notwithſtanding the *forbidding* of the *Bares*, which if ſince *May*, wou'd have given him who did it a double Title to the new Act. However, if you were not thus *legally marry'd*, there's no doubt but you have, by all that appears, more right to her, as well as ſhe to you, then any perſons, there being it ſhou'd ſeem, a *Contract with a witneſs* between you; nor can her *fondneſs* and *forwardneſs* to the marriage make any alteration in the nature of the thing, you having evidently teſtify'd you were reſolv'd to take her for *better for worſe*, by coming to Church with that very Intention. For which reaſons you are not, we think, at Liberty to take any other woman while ſhe's living.

Queſt. 2. *I hoped I might have had the Honour of ſharing in your good adviſe and* knowledge, *as well as others. You promis'd to* reſolve *all lawful queſtions: I ſent to you ſometime ſince, concerning a* Watch *which I* loſt *at my* Lord Mayor's ſhow, *and ſeveral other great Loſſes. Pray delay me no longer, or I ſhall no more take you for men of your word.*

Anſw. A *pleaſant* miſtake, or a very *roguiſh one*? Well! *Saffold's* dead, therefore, pray Mr. by-ſtander, call a *Porter*; and ſend him with this gentle queriſt to the *Theif-catcher*, and if he can't help him to his *watch, &c.* again, we know no remedy but that you muſt once more to open Confeſſion; That the *Athenians* are no *Conjurers*.

Queſt. 3. *I've for three or four years been grievouſly afflicted with a Rheumatiſm; Phyſicians adviſe I've bad, but to no purpoſe, and my continual pain makes my Life uneaſy. I'm a young fellow that have always liv'd very temperately, and till now very healthy. I Pray your advice in this matter.*

Anſw. Eat *Bread*, Drink Whey, and Cheat the Doctors as they have you.

Queſt. 4. *The* French Refugees *very often ſpeak of a deliverance and return into* France, *do you think ſuch a thing will ever be conſented to by the* French King?

Anſw. 'Tis very improbable, for beſides the hatred the *Papiſts* have to the *Proteſtants*, the *French Kings* honour is engaged, and that's a point he'll hardly quit for the good of thoſe he hates.

Advertiſements.

☞ Next *Tueſday* will be publiſht—*A Collection of Funeral Orations*, Pronounc'd by Publick Authority in *Holland*, upon the Death of the Queen of *Great Britain*. By Dr. *James Perizonius*, Dr. *Grevius*, &c. and ſeveral other Learned Men; wherein is given a very particular Account of the *QUEEN'S LIFE*, during her Reſidence in *Holland*.

☞ *The Letter* written by Sir *DUNCOMB COLCHESTER*, a little before his Death; containing his REMARKABLE PENITENCE (which *Letter* was read Publickly, by his Order, in the Pariſh-Churches of *Michel-Dean* and *Weſtbury*) is now publiſht, with other late Inſtances of that Nature. All which are annext to Mr. *TURNER*'s *Eſſay upon the Works of Creation and Providence*, publiſh'd this Week. To which *ESSAY* is added a *SCHEME* of the *Hiſtory of Remarkable Providences*, now preparing for the Preſs. As alſo a large *SPECIMEN* of that Work. Price bound 2*s*.

Some Remarkable Paſſages in the LIFE and DEATH of her Late Majeſty, *not hitherto made publick*, as they were delivered in a *Funeral Oration*; Pronounc'd by Publick *Authority*, in the Hall of the Moſt Illuſtrious States, upon the Day of the *Royal Obſequies*, *March* 5. 169⅔. By *FRANCIS SPANHEIMIUS*, F. F. Chief Profeſſor of the Academy of *Leyden*.——Done into *Engliſh* from the *Latin* Original. Price 1 s.

☞ All three Printed for *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-ſtreet*. And may alſo be had of *Edm. Richardſon* near the *Poultrey-Church*.

☞ If any *Miniſter's Widow*, or other perſon have any Library, or parcel of books to diſpoſe of, if they will ſend a Catalogue of them, or notice where they are, to *John Dunton*, at the *Raven* in *Jewen-ſtreet*, they ſhall have ready mony for them, to the full of what they are worth.

Norwich New Stage-Coaches.

Set up by a Joynt ſtock, Raiſed by the ſubſcription of above Two hundred perſons, for the better Accommodation of themſelves and others, and for the relief of the poor. Sets out from the Four *Swans* in *Biſhop-gate-ſtreet* in *London*, and from the *Kings-Head* in the *Market-place* in *Norwich* every Monday, Wedneſday, and Friday.

THere is in this City a very Ingenious *Dutch* Man called Mr. *Vandepolle*, who has found the only true ſecret for curing all ſorts of crookedneſs and ill ſhape in any part of the Body and Legs, and that in a very ſhort time, and without putting his Patient to the leaſt pain, provided they be under 20 Years of Age. He further obliges himſelf to ſatisfy any Learned Phyſician, or other curious Perſon, by clear and certain Reaſons, that it is impoſſible perfectly to cure this malady in the Body, by Iron Stayes, which are now uſed by them who pretend to be moſt skillful and expert therein. Any perſon who deſires to employ him, may be further ſatisfied by one of the King's Phyſicians, to whom he was recommended by an Eminent Phyſician in *Holland*, who has atteſted the great cures he has done in that Country, and likewiſe by thoſe many cures he has done in this *City* ſince he arrived. Of which he has ample Teſtimonies by him. He Liveth in *Vine-ſtreet* in *Pickadilly*, next door to the *Flower-Pot* over the *Thiſtle and Crown*, at Mr. *Caſarell*'s an *Italian* miniſter.

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